

NOVEMBER 1935

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Our Dumb Animals

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FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM

The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

The American Humane Education Society

The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts

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No. 11

Who Should Declare War?

The people who will have to do the fighting and pay the bills and suffer the heart-break and sorrow. A Resolution was introduced into the last Congress to the effect that except in case of invasion of the United States a referendum be taken before any declaration of war can be voted by Congress. Some day shall we not hope such a resolution may be enacted into law?

Over one billion dollars were voted by Congress this year for national defense. For support of Army and Navy alone, \$800,000,000. In spite of the opposition aroused against such vast expenditures, the majority carried the day and the President signed the bills. And every mother's son of us will help raise the money by our taxes. And this means the millions who think they are not taxed but who by indirect taxation pay a tax on almost everything they buy from a yeast cake to a second-hand automobile.

An Associated Press dispatch from Addis Ababa, dated October 4, says that despite the tremendous worries and responsibilities arising from present Italo-Ethiopian hostilities, Emperor Haile Selassie found time today to approve plans for the establishment of an Ethiopian Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

The society is sponsored by Mrs. Everett Colson, wife of the Emperor's American adviser. The Emperor provided the necessary funds from his personal purse. Mrs. Colson plans to open a veterinary hospital immediately.

Be as humane as you can; cause as little suffering as you can; no doubt it is not easy, all at once, to eradicate a habit which has taken hold of our sensual nature, but, at least, let us deprive it of its worst features. . . . When we take our recreation, those who help in the fun ought to share in it, and be amused as well. PLUTARCH

The Mass. S. P. C. A. and Geneva

ALL the delegates at the League of Nations as well as their Counsellors, Private Secretaries and members of the Press representing each country present, through the generous co-operation of the Royal S. P. C. A., of London, Captain Fergus MacCunn, Chief Secretary, have received a copy of "An International Appeal," issued by us, against the pollution of the coastal waters by oil from oil-burning ships. Our readers may recall this appeal on behalf of the millions of sea birds annually destroyed by this fatal oil. At Captain MacCunn's request, we were glad to send him the copies necessary for this distribution. All told, some 13,000 copies have gone out into our own and other countries.

The following paragraphs we reproduce from the letter sent by the Royal S. P. C. A. to the League of Nations.

"This is a growing evil and birds of the world (which form an essential part of the economy of nature and without whose presence the human race itself could not go on), are being alarmingly destroyed by this additional menace, which has come upon wild bird life. This oil menace affects this most precious heritage of wild bird life.

"A special Joint Committee, consisting of Members of both the House of Lords and House of Commons, has been formed through the efforts of Sir Cooper Rawson, M. P., a member of our Council. At their meeting held on the third of July, 1935, at the British House of Commons, it was decided that an appeal should be sent to you."

Delegates to the recent Humane Convention at Washington who had the privilege of meeting and listening to Captain Fergus MacCunn, chief secretary of the Royal S. P. C. A., London, found him to be a worthy successor to Captain Fairholme whose welcome visits to previous meetings here are well remembered.

Watchman, What of the Night?

BY the time these words are read the world will probably know what the signs of promise are—whether another unspeakable war like the last has begun or the danger of a wide-spread European conflict passed. Can there be a really civilized man who wants war? Can anyone but a ruthless seeker after personal or national aggrandizement want it? Can there be an American citizen who will not pray that his own nation will do everything in its power to maintain a wise neutrality? Shall the greed for gain, for financial profit on the part of a few force us into the maelstrom of another Armageddon?

What must one think of a message sent the President of the United States like this:

New York, October 8 (A.P.)—The New York conference on port development has sent to President Roosevelt a protest against his neutrality proclamation.

The message from the group, headed by Walter J. L. Banham, said: "Your discretionary act in banning all trade with Italy and Ethiopia is considered a serious blow to commerce of this country and port and is premature and ill-advised and not furthering our neutral position at present time. Urge you to rescind same."

How infinitely better a few billions of trade lost to the country's traders than the many, many billions of war cost to say nothing of the human wreckage, the bloodshed, the desolation and misery it would involve! Fifty million names signed to a world-wide plea for peace, we are told, are being sought. Is there one of us who will not further to the best of his ability every movement for peace that may be made, and back up his government in maintaining such a neutrality as will keep us out of another horror like that that fell upon mankind during those fateful years 1914-1918?

I Could Not Sleep at Night

MINA M. TITUS

*If I had set a trap of steel,
I could not sleep at night—
The pain-crazed eyes of dying things
Would shine so fiercely bright.*

*There in the dark around my bed
Shy creatures I would see
With swollen, frozen, bleeding limbs,
For mercy begging me.*

*I'd hear the anguished, frightened cries
Of little furry balls
Imprisoned, struggling through long days
While no one heeds their calls.*

*I'd see small paws, half-twisted off
And twice their normal size,
Being licked with parched and pain-foamed
tongue
Before my sleepless eyes.*

*I'd see those wild and free-born things
Which should live on in peace,
With glazing eyes look up at me
In pleading for release.*

*If I had set a trap of steel,
I could not sleep at night—
The pain-crazed eyes of dying things
Would shine so fiercely bright.*

Cruelty to Audiences

Editorial in Christian Science Monitor

THE protest against employment of a performing dog in a London theatrical show has raised again the question of cruelty to animals in the entertainment world, especially in the cinema.

The cinema, indeed, has introduced an entirely new development into the problem of the proper treatment of animals in entertainment. The cinema is the only form of entertainment that shows animals apparently being tortured. Film animals do not merely "do a turn;" they are worked into the plot, and often appear to undergo terrific discomforts. Even if these discomforts are a trick of the camera, they give the audience sadistic pleasure only, and hence are intolerable.

It is an old jibe that the Puritans hated bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators. This was a perfectly legitimate cause for detesting bear-baiting, for it is demoralizing to enjoy the pain of others. Audiences as well as animals require protection from certain types of entertainment.

JOIN THE
JACK LONDON CLUB

and so help to stop cruelty in connection with trained animal performances. No officers; no dues. Write for information to 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.



DO YOU THINK HE ENJOYS THIS PERFORMANCE?

Here is the report that comes to us from Venice, California, through a regular news agency:

Even a human being would have more than a little difficulty on this slack wire, but "King Tuffy," 511-pound African lion, is able to do it. He holds the distinction of being the only trained lion who performs on a tight wire. Owned and trained by Bob Matthews of Venice, California, the four-year-old jungle king learned to perform on a ten-foot wire only two months ago, and now graces the feat with all the care-free efficiency of a tight-rope artist—although the presence of a camera-man made him a little skittish, as his picture shows.

Vicious Advertising

BRUCE JENNINGS

THE exhibition of wild animals for gain is little more than a base appeal to the lower aspects of human nature. It has sometimes occurred to me that the person who can relish the sight of a captive bear or coyote or puma, as the animal hopelessly and yet persistently paces its cage, is the same sort of person who can regard deformed human beings with morbid curiosity. In both instances, psychological traits are such as no one should be proud to confess.

In our civilization we usually term the cultivation of such traits a vice, and we frequently prohibit any pandering to them in the name of public decency. In the case of our treatment of wild animals, however, we often seem to be sadly remiss, and actually permit the torture of animal life in order to please the morbidly curious, the cowardly, and the innately cruel.

While on a trip through the Pacific Northwest during the past summer, I saw one of the most flagrant instances of this sort that it has ever been my misfortune to witness. A large company which operates a chain of filling stations throughout this region was using captive wild animals for advertising purposes in a particularly of-

fensive manner.

By each of this company's stations, conspicuously displayed for the benefit of the passing motorist, was a cage in which were confined some wild animals. Sometimes a coyote or a brown bear was staked outside, which paced its days away wearily following a tiny circle that could only lead to madness. Sometimes an eagle was perched upon the cage, one leg securely fastened, the miserable victim of some enterprising tradesman.

It was a cruel business, I thought; and I wondered how many passing motorists were induced to stop at the sight of such entertainment. I wondered, too, if the cages were ever cleaned, and how often the captives were fed and watered, and how many of them were teased into insanity by people with a peculiarly morbid sense of humor. I wondered, too, if the individuals who could do such teasing were a whit superior to the helpless creatures that afforded them amusement.

There was something about the business that was revolting to the decent and the fair-minded, and I could not find it in me to believe that the American motorist would ever let it become worth while to treat animals in such fashion. Cruelty to wild animals should never help to make an American holiday.

Words with a Swan

LEA ABERNATHY

... but until they saw you, Oh beautiful
and white,

They knew no alabaster life,
Nor saw sly Juno in disguise...

Oh, true, they spoke of the trees and sky,
And heralded the dawn's red rays,
Held lilacs to be lovelier than gems,
And thought the rhythm of a bird in flight
More ecstasy than a burst of song—

... but until they saw you, Oh beautiful
and white,

They had not known a poem could be
Clear-carved and etched upon a lake.

Animal Symbolism

MANY terms descriptive of animal life and character have been incorporated in the lexicon of human endeavor. Significant indeed has been such word-coinage: for to the every-day life of man these animal symbolisms are closely linked.

But to explain: One often speaks of an industrious person as being, "busy as a bee." Again, to us an irritable individual is as "cross as a bear."

"Motherly as a hen," "blind as a bat;" and as "cunning as a fox," are not uncommon phrases: while to be as "wise as an owl," as "graceful as a swan," or as "cheerful as a lark," are complimentary terms ever welcomed.

Richard I, of England, won the title "Lion-hearted," because of his courage. Louis VIII, of France, also gained the lion-sobriquet for a like reason, as did the Swedish king, Gustavus Adolphus, he being called "Lion of the North." Jenny Lind, the world-famed soprano, was given the endearing name of Swedish Nightingale, because of her exquisite voice; and Georges Clemenceau, the French statesman, won the name of the Tiger, for obvious reasons.

While many a person has been described as being as greedy as a pig, as cringing as a worm, dumb as an oyster, slow as a snail, obstinate as a mule, or as proud as a peacock—it seems unfair to our bird and animal friends to feature them thus symbolically, since, sad to relate, mankind's failings far exceed the advertised faults of the creatures in question.

When aping the airs, arts, and actions of lower animal life, it behooves humanity to select the noblest qualities; as, for example, the fidelity of the dog, the industry of the ant, the meekness of the hare, the majesty of the eagle, the innocence of the lamb, the watchfulness of the hawk, the playfulness of the kitten, and the patience of an ox—for these are characteristics worthy of emulation.

ALETHEA M. BONNER

Begin now to prepare for Humane Sunday and Be Kind to Animals Week next year. The dates selected are: Humane Sunday, April 19; Be Kind to Animals Week, April 20—25, 1936. Because of vacation in the Boston schools, Friday, April 17, will be observed as Humane Day in schools of that city.

Gentling an Outlaw Horse

WINIFRED BATES

YES, one must be very quiet indeed in handling animals. The success that I have had in reclaiming outlaw horses for many years I can lay to the foregoing. I am a woman and I weigh ninety-one pounds. Perhaps this is also as good a place as any to mention that I am confined to my bed most of the time. A heart cripple.

A relative scouts for me and brings to the ranch corral high-blooded horses who have been sold because they were ruined by thoughtless handling. It seems necessary for me to crawl most of the time. I can be that strong for an hour or so each day. Yet, because of my quiet approach and treatment, I have never been shoved or jerked or injured in any way by these so-called outlaws.

Some of the time I am strong enough to come into the corral with my squatting crab-like walk that one would imagine enough to strike terror into a wild horse. On the contrary it does not. I go up to them with pity. Understand how their life has been ruined. For it is the nature of a horse to want to do something for a human being. Just like a child wants to help.

As I crawl among them I talk constantly. Explaining both of our positions—my utter helplessness and their need. Of course they do not understand the words but they get the general thought. To a certain degree animals read thoughts. I have never failed to get an understanding with an outlaw horse on my first trip to his corral. My frail condition is a guarantee to them that I come with good will.

Take the instance of "Shosis," a beautiful bay mare, with the name of a killer. She had killed two men in one day and very nearly mauled the life out of one of their wives. She still had parts of the harness on when the relative brought her to me. She saw me coming and raced defiantly to the fence that I was crawling under.

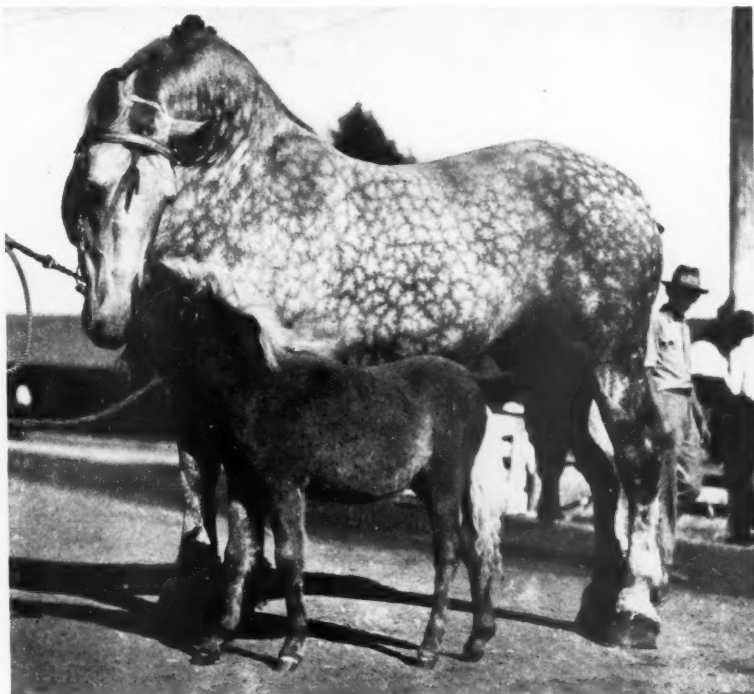
I squatted there and talked to her, almost overcome at the sight of the beaten, bruised, unfortunate mare. She stared madly at me out of the one eye that was not swollen and closed. She had made up her mind that no human could ever get his hands on her again. Aimed to die first.

She read the pity in my heart and closed her eyes and groaned so sadly, it honestly seemed like she was trying to explain how her ruin had been brought about.

How they had come in and slapped ropes on her and pinned her on the ground, while two of them held her, the other branded a huge brand on her high-bred, tender hide. Then they wrapped a gunny sack about her eyes, cinched a breath-cutting saddle on her back, and one of them got up and raked her gallant shoulders with spurs until—well—no use to go into that—I saw their deep wounds.

She decided they were trying to kill her by torture. When she fought the gunny sack from her eyes she went after her betrayers and killed the older in a flash. That day passed with no food or water.

Another man bought her and came into the corral, swinging his rope. Here was another enemy. She flew at him. His wife, hearing his screams rushed in to his aid



PRIZE WINNERS AT THE FAIR—THE LARGEST (PERCHERON)
2,300 POUNDS; THE SMALLEST (SHETLAND) 75 POUNDS

with a pitchfork and the mare attacked her. "Finally—they drove me to you—and it took four cow men on good horses to do it."

My children brought a bucket of hot water. With a turkish towel I crawled up to the mare, telling her I knew just how she felt and that everything was changed and she was to stay with me in peace forever. (You know that occasionally if you are a horse lover you will see such a perfect specimen that you will keep it against all comers. She was a gorgeous animal.)

Well, I bathed and soaked the wounds. She held down her gallant head for me to soak the horribly injured eye. I saved it, too, by the way. In a week my little children were all three riding her bare-backed down the road and in the traffic. All three at once, clenching on to each other, laughing and singing the happy songs of childhood.

And many the other horses—all high bred—that I have turned back to a useful life, by the same method. If you have any love and understanding in your heart—you MUST believe me—you can not fail. That's all it takes.

Remember the first rule—HAVE PITY. Then, go kindly. Go very slow. They are voiceless. HAVE PITY.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—The above story is so remarkable and almost unbelievable that we did not wish to publish it without confirmation. We accordingly wrote to the author, asking her if she could have the facts confirmed by a reliable witness. In reply, we received the following letter, which speaks for itself:

Ridgway, Colorado,
September 4, 1935

To Whom It May Concern:—

I knew Mrs. Bates at the time when she and her two children tamed the outlaw horses!

They moved into this section as Easterners and apparently did not realize the danger or something. Anyway we neighbors saw the animals completely under control in a few hours!

We saw her two children go out in the corral and both climb on the back of a bay mare who had just killed a man, without either bridle or saddle, and the next day saw the two children riding by with two empty five-gallon cream cans swinging across the mare's shoulders in front of them by a rope.

I, personally, have seen this same mare quiver in every muscle and break out in a cold sweat at the sound of a rustling newspaper.

We have often talked of the confidence that horses we called outlaws had in Mrs. Bates and her two children. We have no explanation for these things that we saw with our own eyes. Mrs. Bates was a semi-invalid, and so weak she could not have lifted a hand in her own defense, had those horses seen fit to rebel against her. They must have sensed this. But once this woman and her children had had these horses a few days anyone could use them as long as they did not abuse them.

(Signed) MRS. D. ELDRIDGE

Our readers are urged to clip from "Our Dumb Animals" various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us upon application.



REDWING BLACKBIRD YOUNGSTERS IN VARIOUS MOODS

One is hungry and says so, another one is asleep, while the first one is a happy medium and will either sleep or eat, whichever is handiest.

The Nightingale's Song

JASPER B. SINCLAIR

THE song of the nightingale has long been praised in poetry and prose. Ever since man learned to set his thoughts down in writing.

While the nightingale holds a place in classical mythology, it remained for Plutarch to record what is probably the first appreciation of the lyric beauty of the nightingale's song in his "Life of Agesilaus." This old Spartan king, who lived in the fourth century B. C., was urged by his courtiers to go and hear a man who imitated the nightingale to great perfection. The king refused, with the simple retort: "I have heard the nightingale itself!"

While the name itself may be literally interpreted as "singer of the night," it is quite true that the European nightingale sings at all hours of the day and night for several weeks following its return from the south.

Several references to this bird may be found in the poetry of John Milton. He calls it the "most musical, most melancholy" of all birds, while in a sonnet to the nightingale he penned this line: "Thy liquid notes, that close the eye of day."

Again Milton writes of the peacefulness of night:

"All but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant
sung;
Silence was pleased."

James Thomson, the Scottish poet, refers to this bird of song as "the sober-suited songstress."

Like other poets who have been struck by the plaintive melody of the nightingale, Thomas Hood sings of "The bird forlorn, That singeth with her breast against a thorn."

John Fletcher, a sixteenth century English poet, adds this bit of verse to the poetic lore of the nightingale:

"The nightingale among the thick-leaved
spring
That sits alone in sorrow, and doth sing
Whole nights away in mourning."

Strangely enough, almost every poet that has sung of the lyric voice of the nightingale uses the feminine pronoun, despite the fact that it is the male bird alone that trills softly through the evening hours!

Smallest Bird

MORRIS SALKIND

AMONG the many wonders of the New World there stands out the remarkable humming-bird. Remarkable, not for its greatness, but for its smallness. It is the smallest bird in the entire world. It moves its wings so rapidly in its flight through the air that a humming noise is produced. This is how the bird receives its name.

The rate of the movement of the wings is five and six times as fast as the propeller of an airplane usually travels! They move so rapidly that all that is seen by the eye is a blur. Two hundred times per second is the surprising beat of these birds! This motion of the wings drives them through space at the rate of a mile a minute.

Much of the life of these birds is spent on the wing and they develop strong wing-muscles. These are used by them to great advantage. They can hover over the mouth of a flower while they dip out the nectar. Their size is so small that while they are near a large flower, they are completely dwarfed. They are no bigger than a half-dollar!

These tiny specks are the only birds that can fly backwards. They merely reverse the beat of their wings. No other bird has this power. They can also use their air powers to rise straight up in the air directly over any point. Although they are no bigger than one and one-fourth inches in length, they have no hesitancy in attacking the crow and the hawk.

Two small pea-like objects are the eggs that the humming-bird lays. These are watched over very carefully by the parents. After the eggs are hatched, the father helps to feed the bird babies. The food, which consists chiefly of insects and nectar, is deposited down their throats by the long bills of the parents. These small birds, however, can be trained to take sugar water from the palm of a hand.

Banqueting the Birds

BESSIE L. PUTNAM

BIRDS do not migrate so much on account of cold as because of the lessened food supply. Especially is this the case with insectivorous birds. If food is offered to them early, more will remain through the winter; but after they have once left for warmer regions none will return until spring.

Often neighborhoods only a mile or two apart and with practically the same environment show a great difference in their bird population. Gunners have something to do with driving them away, and farms which have been closed to sportsmen for years are the most favored. We have more than once heard hunters comment on how the game when hard pressed knew to take refuge in "Putnam's woods," closed against hunting for more than half a century. And it is true that both birds and animals soon learn the havens of safety.

There are numerous ways to attract birds in winter. One of the simplest is to tie suet and berries to the branches of trees, none being better for this than the Norway spruce. Its spiny leaves are not inviting to cats and the evergreen foliage is a good shelter from storm. Another simple method is to place a long perch across a living-room window a few inches below the top. This will be safe from cats and in plain view so that the bird maneuvers may be enjoyed by the family. By lowering the window from the top the suet can easily be renewed without going out into the snow. Suspend pieces as large as the fist just above the perch; and be sure that it is real suet instead of the half gristle sometimes offered as such. The birds will soon find it, and the news spreads in birdland like gossip in a country town. In our own experience there is scarcely a moment during the day when there is not a tap-tap announcing the presence of some bird nibbling the suet.

There is no substitute for insect life better than suet, though many other things may be added for variety. Some prefer to melt the fat, stirring in millet, hemp, dried ground meat scraps, bread crumbs, sunflower seeds, nut meats, and wild berries of many sorts. None of these are more acceptable than elderberries, though shad dogwood, mountain ash, wild cherry, bitter-sweet, black alder, and many others are greedily devoured. Let this get very cold to insure firmness. If preferred it may be poured into pans of convenient size.

For the grain lovers, as the cardinal, junco, and various sparrows, a tray is easily made from a wide board two or three feet long with strips of lath nailed along the sides to prevent the grain from spilling. A food hopper similar to that used for poultry is another convenience. These should be on poles away from cats, and a roof for shelter will protect both birds and food from snow. Trial and observation will suggest the best methods for your own use; and while some elaborate ones have advantages, much can be done in a very simple way.

For the bobwhite or quail and ring-

necked pheasant grain may be scattered in one corner of the yard, the snow having been first tramped down rather than removed. Scatter fresh grain in the same place at practically the same time daily, and the birds will learn to associate your coming with good things, thereby gaining confidence in your friendship. True, at times the grain may soon be covered with snow; but it will eventually all be garnered, and the pleasure of seeing how the bobwhites congregate in a circle for a nap after feasting is worth the trouble. Note that the formation is always with heads out, ready to scatter in all directions if disturbed; also that the last one or two back into the circle.

For the bird lovers, (and all who follow their movements will eventually become such) these bird banquets will have an increased fascination. There are so many more kinds in your own vicinity than you ever realized. The table manners of the different species are as interesting as varied. The tiny chickadee leaves the feeding-perch for a near-by tree as soon as the sharp-billed nuthatch appears. The latter gives way to the downy or hairy woodpecker. This in turn retreats for the jay, which gobbles up the food so fast that it seems as if nothing would be left for the rest. Even the cardinal and its mate show a respectful deference for each other. And among all there is always a quiet yielding of place, never a suggestion of a scrap or quarrel!

Shares

JUDY VAN DER VEER

Of every field of grain I plant

*The birds may have their share,
And mice and moles may have their bit,
For I shall never care.*

*Let rabbits come, and tell the squirrels
I will not point a gun;*

*For all the grain in all the world
I'd never spoil their fun.*

*I plant my fields on shares each year,
The sun and rain are free;
And all the hungry birds and beasts
May share alike with me.*

Praise for the Starling

THE aggressive European starling which is frowned upon in the United States justifies its existence nowadays by the fact that it is a first-class fighter against the destructive Japanese beetle, says a bulletin from the Biological Survey, United States Department of Agriculture.

Food-habit experts of the bureau have found this bird one of the most effective enemies of the Oriental pest of early ripening fruit, corn and truck crops. In one locality fourteen out of twenty-three starlings collected had fed on Japanese beetles. In some instances, nearly all the birds' food was from this source. In certain limited localities starlings are known to have reduced the population of grubs of the beetle from 100 per square foot to five or six.

The starling, however, says the Biological Survey, is only one of seventeen bird species in whose stomachs Japanese beetles are found. The other birds are the ring-necked pheasant, bobwhite, eastern kingbird, crested flycatcher, common crow, catbird, brown thrasher, robin, wood thrush, English sparrow, meadowlark, red-winged blackbird, purple grackle, cardinal, vesper sparrow and song sparrow.

G. M. Haushalter of Wiscasset, Me., writing to the *New York Times*, tells his experience with starlings: "Believing that the starling is unjustly condemned, I am observing his habits. Our birds have no fear of the starling. There are more young birds on our lawn this year than formerly. This acquits the starling of murder. Since the invasion of the gypsy moth I have not seen a native bird eat one nor destroy a cocoon or caterpillar. Starlings not only catch moths on the wing but hunt cocoons under our fence rail. The starlings, therefore, should be acquitted of all unproved charges and given legal protection."

New Blotters Available

Write for free sample of the new blotters, printed with "Be Kind to Animals Week" cut and giving the dates of Be Kind to Animals Week and Humane Sunday for 1936. Assorted colors, price 50 cents per 100. American Humane Education Society, Boston.



THE GOOSE GIRL IN A BELGIAN VILLAGE

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts, Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

NOVEMBER, 1935

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an addressed envelope with full return postage enclosed with each offering.

The San Francisco S. P. C. A.

THE rapid growth of the San Francisco S. P. C. A. during recent years reflects great credit both upon the management and the Secretary, Mr. McCurrie. The annual report stands for a year of unusually fine service. Since its Clinic was opened in 1924 it has given free service to 13,646 animals. The western coast has to deal with many a cruelty that is unknown here in the East. For example, we quote this:

"A Spanish sport 'saco el gallo' in which a live rooster is buried with his head above ground for horsemen on a gallop to pull his head off was prevented in San Benito County by officers of the Society.

"A shipment of 168 horses en route from Mexico to Petaluma was unloaded at San Francisco to comply with the Federal Law. Forty horses were down in the cars, live ones being trampled by the others. The strongest horses were able to proceed after resting 24 hours but 15 of the weaker horses were killed. The officer followed the shipment to Petaluma. No one was in charge of the shipment and no arrest could be made on account of failure to place responsibility. The Bureau of Animal Industry, United States Department of Agriculture, was appealed to and started an investigation."

An S. P. C. A. in China

Correspondence with the S. P. C. A. in Shanghai, China, reveals most excellent work done by this Society in a land where no humane legislation for the protection of animals exists. This organization has even compelled the Jewish slaughterers of food animals to import a Weinberg Pen for use in killing cattle. The beef animals can no longer be jacked from the floor and thrown but must be driven into this pen which revolves until the animal is in a position to have the throat opened with the knife. While the Society cannot compel the stunning of the animal before the use of the knife, it does save it from the cruelty of the casting act. We do not know of a humane society in this country that has succeeded in compelling the use of the Weinberg Pen.

A Criticism

IN the September issue of this magazine we wrote a brief editorial wholly opposed, we thought, to the freezing of helpless monkeys to prove that certain malignant organisms and dead tissues could be killed by freezing. We said that from the research point of view we were not competent to judge of the necessity of freezing these monkeys to prove that such organisms could be killed by such a method. We also said that the whole profession to which this Russian experimenter belonged would save itself much bitter criticism if it would keep reporters out of its laboratories and the story of its deeds from the public. Some of our readers seem to have thought we approved of such experiments. Here is our reply to the letters received:

Mr. Richardson has just handed me your letter with regard to the article in *OUR DUMB ANIMALS* to which you take exception. You can take no more hostile exception than I have taken toward that whole wretched business. I wrote the article, as I write very much of everything else where the writer's name is not given. I took it for granted that I would be understood as condemning the whole practice in every sense, and thought the reader would appreciate what lay concealed behind what I really said. Of course, from the point of view of research I could not tell whether if you wanted to freeze malignant germs it would be necessary to freeze an animal, but could I ever imagine that anybody would think that the President of a Humane Society would deem it necessary to freeze an animal for any purpose?

Now as to the concluding paragraph, you must know as well as I that many of the charges made against vivisection are exaggerated. In that sense it may be said that any criticism of them may be justified or unjustified. No matter how much one may disagree with any practice which to him seems in any way evil or unjustified, he certainly has no right to be unjust or unfair in his criticism.

I felt perfectly justified in saying that if a vivisector was to carry on his work he would save himself a lot of criticism by not publishing to the world all he had done. If that is in any sense a justification of his work, I cannot so understand it. I meant just what I said. Why should medical experts in this country increase the hostility that is aroused against them by telling so repeatedly to the public the things that they must know will antagonize the public. It seems bad enough for a man to believe he is justified in doing what to many seems a cruel thing without having to notify the public of it.

The latest information regarding this so-called doctor who claimed to have frozen a monkey and then restored it to life shows him evidently more or less of a fraud. He has been arrested twice, and so far as we can learn is repudiated by the entire Medical Profession.

Very truly yours,
FRANCIS H. ROWLEY,
President

In making your will, remember the American Humane Education Society, Boston.

George Arliss Again

ONCE more, in a letter to the *London Times*, this distinguished actor and lover of animals writes of the cruelties involved in the production of many moving pictures. He says:

"In my opinion there is much useless and preventable cruelty in many films in which animals appear. The slogan in film producing is 'any sacrifice for the good of the picture.' Many human beings suffer considerably for the good of the film—they suffer fatigue, they suffer pain, and they endure considerable hardship, in order that the picture may be a success. But the human being is a free agent, and has the option of refusing to undergo this suffering, so that this cannot be used as an argument in favor of allowing animals to suffer equally, and, in my opinion, there should be the sternest legislation against any kind of cruelty to animals in films."

"Believe me to remain yours very truly,"

Replying to Mr. Arliss' letter to *The Times*, Mr. Alexander Korda, the Chairman of London Film Productions, asserted that Mr. Arliss' statements were far from the facts, that in his long experience he had never seen any such evidences of cruelty. To this Colonel James L. Sleeman replies with the following:

"Sir,—As one experienced in big game life I should like to know whether Mr. Alexander Korda seriously suggests that the following incidents which I have seen in big game films were not cruel to the wretched animals compelled to play such detestable parts:—

(I.) Hippopotami driven over a high cliff. (II.) A wretched wart hog compelled to be seized by a presumably starving lion. (III.) A tiger compelled (by means unknown) to be mauled by a crocodile and enveloped by a python. (IV.) Exhausted and rare wild game pursued by motorcars and aeroplanes. (V.) Caged wild animals terrified by fire.

Will Rogers

We have just received from James H. Cruikshank of New York, a well-known lover of animals, a letter to him from Will Rogers, which reads as follows:

"That's a lot of bunk. I know no more about that article or the source of it than you do, and you will do me a favor by denying it in any paper that is confined to those things. Miss Kate Cameron of the *News* evidently wanted to fill up her column, and me studying bull-fights was certainly an original idea. I can't even stand a prize fight. I love Mexico, and the Mexicans, and you would be surprised the things there to enjoy besides bull-fights."

No one can imagine that fine, kindly soul taking any pleasure either in bull-fights or prize fights.

Several veteran humane workers who attended the meeting of the American Humane Association at Washington in October recalled the memorable convention in the same city just twenty-five years before. What strides the anti-cruelty cause, and particularly humane education, have taken during this past quarter of a century!



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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MONTHLY REPORT OF SOCIETY AND BRANCHES

Miles traveled by humane officers..	13,308
Cases investigated	501
Animals examined	11,715
Animals placed in homes	113
Lost animals restored to owners....	37
Number of prosecutions	3
Horses taken from work	15
Horses humanely put to sleep	44
Small animals humanely put to sleep	1,914
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected	67,915
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely	
put to sleep	13

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been remembered in the wills of Mary L. Crawford of Boston, and Mrs. Caroline E. Littlefield of Worcester.

October 8, 1935.

ANGELL MEMORIAL ANIMAL HOSPITAL

and Dispensary for Animals

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Longwood 6100

Veterinarians

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R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D., Asst. Chief

E. F. SCHROEDER, D.V.M.

G. B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D.

T. O. MUNSON, V.M.D.

C. L. BLAKELY, V.M.D.

HARRY L. ALLEN, Superintendent

Springfield Branch

53-57 Bliss Street, Springfield, Mass.

Veterinarians

A. R. EVANS, V.M.D.

H. L. SMEAD, D.V.M.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR SEPTEMBER

Including Springfield Branch

Hospital		Dispensary
Cases entered	790	Cases 2,549
Dogs	596	Dogs 2,028
Cats	186	Cats 456
Horses	4	Birds 57
Birds	4	Horses 2
		Rabbits 2
		Goat 1
		Squirrel 1
		Monkey 1
		Rat 1

Operations 793

Hospital cases since opening, Mar.

1, 1915 132,532

Dispensary Cases 317,053

Total 449,585

The Month in the Springfield Branch

Cases entered in Hospital 108

Cases entered in Dispensary 363

Operations 139

After the flood Noah told all the animals to go forth and multiply. They all left but two snakes, and they were crying. "What's the matter?" asked Noah. "You said," they replied, "to go forth and multiply, and we can't because we're adders."

—Jr. Christian Endeavor World



ONE OF THE FOUR FREE WATER-STATIONS MAINTAINED ON STREETS OF BOSTON LAST SUMMER

Our New Attleboro Branch

WE have just opened our new Attleboro Branch with small animal shelter and headquarters for our officer for Bristol County. The formal and public opening will occur the first week in this month. The house and shelter are located at the corner of Commonwealth Avenue and North Main Street. The place is very attractive and just at the edge of the city of Attleboro.

The first of September our representative for Bristol County, Mr. Winfield E. Dunham, was transferred from New Bedford to our new quarters at Attleboro, but, alas, to our deep regret, died very suddenly within a few days of the change. He was a trusted and faithful officer. Mr. Charles E. Brown of Attleboro has been appointed as his successor. Mr. Brown has long been a resident of Attleboro, has been a well-known and highly regarded member of the police force, is familiar with the entire county, is a lover of animals, and comes into our service with the best of testimonies from a host of leading residents of the city.

New Fitchburg Branch

Through the interest of Mrs. Grace D. Proctor, who for years has been actively engaged in humane work in Fitchburg, and with the advice of Mrs. Edith Washburn Clarke of the American Humane Education Society, Boston, a Fitchburg branch of the American Humane Education Society was organized at Chamber of Commerce hall, September 23. Officers elected are: President, Mrs. Clarke; vice-president, Mrs. Grace D. Proctor; secretary, Mrs. Bernard T. Kelly; treasurer, Capt. William K. Younglove; directors, Bigelow Crocker, Mrs. Edwin R. Lewis, James M. McNamara and Miss Mary A. Dunn.

On the afternoon of October 4 a lecture on the proper care of animal pets by Dr. G. B. Schnelle of the Angell Memorial Hospital, Boston, was given to school children under the auspices of the Branch, and in the evening Morgan Dennis, author and artist, gave an address illustrated by his own etchings, and presented a film showing the training and tricks of the dogs used as "eyes" for the blind, before a large and appreciative audience in City Hall. On Saturday, October 5, a tag day was held to raise funds for promoting a humane educational campaign in Fitchburg.

Winfield E. Dunham

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. lost, in the death of Winfield E. Dunham, which occurred in early September, a faithful and efficient officer who had served it for many years. He had just changed his headquarters from New Bedford to Attleboro, where he had formerly lived for nearly all his life, to take up his new work there, as is said elsewhere in this issue of the magazine. He left a host of friends and good wishers.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell Incorporated 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to Treasurer.

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180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

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Humane Press Bureau

Mrs. Edith Washburn Clarke, Secretary
180 Longwood Ave., Boston

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Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee, Atlanta, Georgia
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Miss Blanche Finley, Richmond, Virginia
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Seymour Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina
Rev. R. E. Griffith, De Land, Florida

Field Representative

Wm. F. H. Wentzel, M. S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Field Lecturer in Massachusetts

Ella A. Maryott

SUMMARY OF ACTIVITIES OF FIELD WORKERS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1935

Number of Bands of Mercy formed, 161
Number of addresses made, 193
Number of persons in audiences, 22,557

Societies' Annuity Bonds

THE Annuity Bonds of our two Societies are absolutely safe and yield a return according to one's age. They make their appeal ordinarily to people over 40 years of age. Send the coupon for a free folder which gives full details. Fill it in and mail it now.

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. (or)
The American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Ave., Boston, Mass.

Without obligation to me, please send me the folder about your Annuity Bonds.

Name

Age

Address

New Building of the Anti-Cruelty Society, Chicago



THE new structure of the Anti-Cruelty Society, Chicago will be a combination Administration Building and Shelter for animals. The building is 55 feet by 95 feet. It is located at 157-159 West Grand Avenue. There are alleys on the south and west sides of the new building and there will be a yard 42 feet by 100 feet on the east which will be used for open air kennels and runways for dogs.

The kennels on lower floor of the building are 6 feet above the open yard and therefore not in a basement. Practically all of this floor is given over to kennels excepting the rear which is used for a boiler room. This floor also contains a contagious ward, kitchen, supply room, grooming room, and a room for small animals.

The front of the first floor is given over to a large reception room, general office, surgical and veterinarian rooms, an X-ray room, and two offices and conference rooms and a superintendent's office. Back of these quarters is a space 27 feet by 55 feet to be used as kennels on this first floor,

and back of that is a large six-car garage, and at one end of this garage there is a morgue and a lethal room.

The second floor of the building is given over to a large lecture hall across the front 30 feet wide, and four large offices for committees and officials.

The building will be faced with Bedford stone and the street exposed side walls are of light gray face brick to match the stone. It will be fireproof throughout and all windows will have steel frames and sash. All contracts have now been let, and it is expected the building will be ready for occupancy about the middle of December.

The work this year is increasing tremendously and greater progress is anticipated when the new building will permit enlargement of activities through a much needed publicity committee. It is hoped also in due time to establish an efficient humane educational committee, which is, of course, the foundation stone of all Anti-Cruelty activity.

A Sermon on the Dog

IN the *Boston Evening Transcript* of September 18, Mr. Frank T. Eskrigge has an article, the appeal of which every dog lover must feel. He tells us of a movement to have a National Dog Week that the value of the dog in the home may be clearly understood and its influence in shaping character more widely perceived. We wonder what the average minister will think of the paragraphs we quote from Mr. Eskrigge's article. We are certain many a less interesting and spiritually valuable sermon has been preached than the one suggested. He writes:

I often think what a wonderful sermon could be preached by a minister who was not ashamed to admit he had a liking for dogs and other animals. A most striking lesson might be drawn, and while the iron was hot, kindness to all created things in the world might be inculcated into youthful minds to such a degree that the cruelties which are practised on dogs, cats and other pets might be prevented and the youngsters might receive a training which would cling to them through their mature

years.

If some courageous minister would announce that on National Dog Week Sunday, he intended to speak on the subject of dogs and their value to mankind he might have a larger audience than he had enjoyed for some time. Wherein does a dog actually benefit mankind? A fair question. No person can own and train a dog without the exercise of considerable patience and self-control. He must be patient, else the high-strung dog goes off at a tangent. The trainer soon realizes that until he has won the dog's complete trust and confidence, and, therefore, his love, he can never accomplish the fine points of the desired training. And he cannot win the dog's love without that love evoking a similar feeling in his own heart, and he then becomes a better man. And so it goes throughout their entire lives—better dog—better man—better pair of true friends brought about by patience and love. Then a better husband, father, or son, a better neighbor and citizen. All because a dog's love won the heart of a boy. Is it worth a sermon, my reverend gentlemen whose aim is to point the way to better things, to a land where sorrow will be no more?

I Wonder Why?

*Only a little, wondering calf,
Here in the crowded car I lie,
With many more on the slippery floor,
All sick, and as sad as I!*

*The world seemed such a happy place
Till yesterday—all bright and sweet,
With sunny space to roam and race
And green shade from the heat.*

*And water, fresh and cool and clear,
And friendly hands to pat my head,
And always food, so sweet and good,
And such a soft, dry bed!*

*There is no water here, nor food!
I called and called—so did they all!
But no one heard—or no one cared—
And now we cannot call.*

*Only a little, helpless calf,
Here in the crowded car I lie,
With many more on the slippery floor,
And, oh, I wonder why!*

MINNIE LEONA UPTON

American Fondouk, Fez

Report for August, 1935 — 31 Days		
Daily average large animals	36.4	
Forage for same		\$ 76.53
Daily average dogs	6.3	
Forage for same		6.48
Put to sleep	24	13.61
Transportation		11.23
Wages, grooms, etc.		64.11
Resident Secretary's salary		132.19
Superintendent's salary		82.62
Veterinary's salary		29.74
Sundries		59.96
		\$476.44

Entries: 12 horses, 9 mules, 53 donkeys.
Exits: 6 horses, 10 mules, 33 donkeys.
Out Patients treated, 124; 48 horses, 36 mules, 33 donkeys, 7 dogs.

Superintendent's Notes: Kilometres traveled, 132; cases investigated, 318; pack-saddles destroyed, 9; animals seen, 5,969; animals treated, 1,377; animals transferred to Fondouk American, 34.

Secretary General's Notes: First ten days reported. On leave from August 15, for 20 days.

We have room for only the report of one or two days' work of the Superintendent at the Fondouk.

Wednesday, 14th: Beginning work at 7:15. A native of Fez (an exception here as he is a friend of animals) brings in a donkey which he saw being ill-treated by its driver. Inspected native fondouks Fez Jedid and Bab Jiaf from 8 to 10. Sent for the Veterinary to visit horse of voiture de place No. 13, horribly burnt at pasterns with hot irons. Vet. ordered it to Fondouk at once.

From 2:30 to 6 p. m., visited 24 fondouks, saw 392 animals, treated 114, visited stable of Marnissi—inspected 18 native fondouks and stable in Kasba de Nouar, saw 392 animals, treated 73. From 6 to 7 p. m. at Fondouk.

Thursday, 15th: Beginning work at 7:30 a. m. From 7:30 to 10, first at Souk el Khemis. Remained half an hour at Bab Mahrouk. Then to Souk el Khemis, inspected 415 animals, treated 52, hospitalized 4 donkeys. Asked help of Mokhaznis of the Pacha as a driver refused to give me the needle he had in his hand. Name of this native has been taken and address in case of a second offense.

From 3 to 5 p. m. Inspected all freight animals on place Baghdadi (Bou Jeloud). Saw 81 animals, treated 22, hospitalized 1 donkey. Then to Bab Makina and Bab Segma. Inspected 43 animals, treated 12, hospitalized 1 donkey. Returning through Fez Jedid and Bab Jiaf. At 5 visit of Mme. Parlet, the wife of a military officer who had told me of the sick animals working at Dar Mahres. She thanked me very much for having hospitalized two of these animals and for the work we are doing here since over 4 years. She said ever since I have seen a great improvement in the treatment of animals, and she does not find nearly so many needles as formerly.

An enemy conquered is not subdued, and will always hate his new master.

GENGHIS KHAN

Federal Influence in the Humane Treatment of Livestock

Excerpts from address by Dr. JOHN R. MOHLER, Chief, Bureau of Animal Industry, United States Department of Agriculture, at Convention of the American Humane Association, Washington, D. C., October 2, 1935.

THIS branch of the Government deals with research and regulatory work affecting the health and general welfare of livestock in the United States. Our aim is to foster, improve, promote, and protect the livestock industry of the Nation. The domestic animals of this country, as most of you are doubtless aware, greatly outnumber the human population. Cattle, sheep, swine, and equine stock aggregate normally about 180,000,000 head and in addition there are about 400,000,000 domestic fowls. The Bureau of Animal Industry also deals

shipment. The law requires, in substance, that animals be unloaded for feed, water, and rest at intervals of 28 hours. There are certain exceptions to this law.

This law has been responsible for great improvement in the care of animals shipped to the principal livestock markets. The number of violations is a small fraction of 1 per cent of the total movement of livestock.

I wish to lay stress on the vast amount of animal suffering that has been and is now being prevented by the measures described thus far. In this motorized age the



THE MOVEMENT OF LIVESTOCK FROM PRODUCING AREAS TO MARKET CENTERS EXCEEDS 200,000 A DAY

to a considerable extent with health problems affecting several million other animals kept for pets, exhibition, or utility purposes. Several laws concerning livestock have been a blessing to the multitudes of dumb animals over which man has such complete dominion.

Livestock Shipping Facilities Improved

Let us consider a few examples. Like your own association, the Bureau of Animal Industry has had more than a half century of experience in the care of animals. In the 80's there was considerable public protest, especially in Great Britain, concerning the cruel treatment of animals in trans-Atlantic shipments. Investigators showed that, frequently, vessels unsuited to the purpose were used, that the feed and water carried were sometimes inadequate for the size of livestock shipments, that many animals died, and others arrived in a deplorable condition. Under authority from Congress, the Bureau of Animal Industry set about to require humane and safe handling of livestock on ocean vessels. Animals were soon arriving at foreign destinations in good condition, often with a gain in weight. The heavy losses in transit diminished to about a third of 1 per cent and later to only about a tenth of 1 per cent. . . .

Several years later Congress applied the same principle to rail shipments of livestock within the United States. Commonly known as the 28-hour law, this legislation had for its chief purpose the prevention of cruelty to animals during interstate

average citizen, especially the city dweller, sees comparatively few animals of any kind, even fewer of those raised for food. Yet, as previously stated, there is a steady flow of livestock from producing areas to market centers. The movement exceeds 200,000 a day, day after day, week after week, month after month, and year after year. Although you may seldom see this huge volume of animal traffic, I know that you, as members and friends of the American Humane Association, are interested in its management. In a figurative yet accurate sense, Federal inspectors are virtually the traffic officers of this movement.

The activities I have described thus far may be considered as examples of direct and positive Federal influence in the humane treatment of livestock. . . .

Certain problems have been studied in detail. The custom of roping and throwing cattle is rapidly giving way to more general use of corrals and sorting gates and pens. The practice of de-horning cattle by knocking off the horns and other crude methods has been largely replaced by the use of special instruments used in a humane manner. And even these practices are yielding to the still more advanced methods of applying chemicals to prevent horn growth or, through knowledge of genetics, breeding cattle that are naturally hornless. Details of feeding have been approved.

From the foregoing remarks, I trust you have gained certain definite impressions concerning the scope of Federal influence in the humane treatment of livestock. As expressed through both law enforcement and

educational influence I feel that the results speak largely for themselves. But I want you to know also that the Bureau of Animal Industry is more than a regulatory and scientific organization. . .

In closing, my chief regret is that a certain degree of animal suffering still exists. Much more work remains to be done.

For building up a strong local sentiment for humane work there is particular need also for the active interest and support of local officials. By such combined efforts I am confident that this great altruistic movement will go forward rapidly, and make the earth a better place of abode for both man and beast.

A Snowshoe's Premises

CORNELIA BENNINGHOFF

MANY persons living in the western country for years, have told me they never have had the good fortune to see a snowshoe rabbit. In summer his color blends with earth and sagebrush and in winter he melts into the snowy landscape.

Lately I had a close acquaintance with a rabbit who seemed as curious about me as I was about him. At daybreak, one morning, there was introduced into the usual noises made by scampering chipmunks, a sort of rhythmic clump-clump of heavy feet and through the door of my sleeping tent hopped a large rabbit. He was brown, but I knew him for a snowshoe by his preposterous feet. He bounced around my bed several times. Cautiously I raised my head to watch his antics. The slight movement attracted his attention. He was not frightened. He stopped and we stared at each other, eye to eye.

He came about the same time each morning, always behaving in the same way, but the high point in our acquaintance was when he leaped upon my low bed and bunched himself about a foot from my pillow. We gazed at each other, but he outstared me and I dozed off. On game preserves where animals are not molested they show little fear of humans, no doubt believing them to be just other animals of the forest. Doubtless the snowshoe thought it strange that a moose or something should be sleeping under blankets!

That day I laid a large biscuit on the floor and afterward each time he came he ate part of it, turning it around in his paws like a wheel and nibbling the edges.

Unknowningly, my tent had been pitched on his private domain for I found several of his little retreats close by. Sometimes in the warmest part of the day I found him in one of his grassy cubbyholes stretched on his side like a cat, his absurd feet sprawled comfortably. How he loved the hot sunshine!

He was very fond of lupine seeds. While eating, his long silky ears were held closely together. They much resembled a brown butterfly at rest. The time of which I write was the middle of August, but already a small patch of white showed on the top of his head between his butterfly ears.

The Annual Fair, Women's Auxiliary, M. S. P. C. A., will be held at Hotel Vendome, Boston, Wednesday, Dec. 11, 1935.



A CAT OF HOLLAND

Cats Wear Bells

In the Chicago suburban village of Lake Bluff an ancient ordinance is again being enforced, due to the many complaints that have been registered by bird lovers that pet cats are getting fat on feathered meals. The ordinance provides that all cats running at large must wear bells so the birds may have warning of the cat's presence. Cat owners may be fined \$1 to \$25 a day for failing to see their feline has a tinkle.

—Our Animals

Charms of Mice

A contributor to the *New York Times* calls attention to the following quotation from "A Hungarian Nabob," by Maurus Jokai:

"And here I may say, by the way, that a mouse is such a nice, pretty little animal that I cannot conceive why folks should hold it in such horror. It is very much the same thing as a squirrel or a guinea pig, which we keep in our rooms and pet and play with; nay, it is cleverer far than they. What a delicate little snout it has, what sweet little ears, what wee little pets of feet! And then, its comically big mustache, and its quick black eyes like sparkling diamonds! And when it plays, when it squeaks, when it stands up to beat the air on its hind legs, it is as clever and as comely as any other animal."

More friends are needed to endow stalls and new kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Payments of thirty-five dollars for a kennel or seventy-five dollars for a stall will insure a suitable marker inscribed with donor's name. Terms of permanent endowment of free stalls and kennels will be given upon application to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Boston, Mass.

Spirit of Assisi

From Radio Address given over Station KDKA, Pittsburgh, Pa., October 4, by Sister Fides Shepperson, Ph. D., Mount Mercy College.

TODAY, Oct. 4, is World Day for Animals—under the patronage of Saint Francis of Assisi. It is also the Feast Day of this genial Saint and as such it is commemorated by millions of men and women throughout the world. A saint is honored on the day of his death rather than on the day of his birth; it is the end that crowns the work, not the beginning—for death in sanctity is birth into Life.

This "little poor man," as Francis called himself, died October 4, 1226, more than seven hundred years ago, yet his spirit lives today and flourishes. Why?

Francis of Assisi has become a symbol of joyous goodness; of the primal and eternal charm in living creatures; of the laugh rippling through nature because of beauty everywhere and reaching up even to nature's God. Like the angelic painter, Fra Angelico, Francis could not see evil. It simply did not exist for him; at worst it was just something hideously grotesque, like those gargoyles grinning on cathedrals, and at best it was just darkness waiting for the light. His was an intoxication of praise because of the goodness and gladness of the world. All men were his comrades and friends; and all the birds of the air and the fishes of the sea, and all the creatures of the field and of the forest were his little brothers and sisters. The spirit of Saint Francis of Assisi may be well defined as—deep joy in God because of love of all God's world.

The Society of Saint Francis

The hope of those who look for the abolition of war is in humane education among the youth of all lands. A fairer deal towards the dumb and the defenseless, a chivalrous recognition of the rightful claims of those who are not able to enforce their claims, will ultimately develop the mentality to which War is not possible.

Mr. William F. H. Wentzel, Director of Humane Education of Western Pennsylvania, is doing splendid work in our schools, both public and parochial. Membership cards in the Society of Saint Francis may be obtained from him, quite free of charge, for use in schools, private and public, Sunday schools, clubs, and youth organizations of all kinds. Address: Western Pennsylvania Humane Society, 832 Bigelow Boulevard, Pittsburgh.

The object of the Society is, (1) to reach the plastic minds of children and to infuse therein the spirit of Saint Francis, lover of all life from highest down to and inclusive of the lowest, and (2) the ultimate aim is to effect the abolition of war by developing among the youth of all nations the type of mind to which the physical brutalities of war are not possible. The pledge reads simply: "I promise to be kind to all living creatures."

. . .

"Kindness ennobles, cruelty degrades.

The greatest men and women and the best
Are such as note a little fallen bird.

And, stooping, place it back within its
nest."

In the Animals' Heaven

CARROLL VAN COURT

*"I move we make exception to our rule,
And let this good man come inside our
gates;"*

*So spoke the collie dog upon the stand,
As witness No. 1 before his mates.*

*The Scottie, too, said, "Let the man inside,
He fed me once, when I was at his door;
I was a stranger, and he took me in,
And cared for me, when I was faint and
sore."*

*The little robin said, "You both are right;
He never kicked a dog, while down below;
He never hunted birds with loaded gun,
Nor shot a deer; I watched him, and I
know."*

*And so the Council voted to admit
A human being to their Paradise;
An honor earned by only kindly hearts,
Of gentle men, with pity in their eyes.*

The Useful Sparrow

The English Sparrow has changed his ways, just as every other living creature does when forced by circumstances, observes a writer in the *Waterbury (Conn.) Republican*. The result is that the sparrow may become a far more useful bird than in the past.

For the first time, in years of amateur bird study, we noticed last spring, English sparrows catching up green worms from trees, carrying them to the ground and tearing them to pieces. In one single day sparrows were observed catching and destroying these green worms (presumably the canker worm) on six different occasions. Since, in a small area, a few sparrows were seen to destroy six harmful worms, it is logical to assume that in an area 1,000 times as large, the net catch observed may be multiplied by that number.

If this is the case, it may develop that the English sparrow will prove to be as great a boon as are many of the other so-called beneficial birds.

Wild-life Refuges

WILD-life refuges maintained by the Bureau of Biological Survey at the end of the fiscal year 1935 numbered 106. All species of wild animals and birds are protected on these areas, although six are maintained primarily as big-game preserves. Included among the bird refuges are those for migratory birds established under the Migratory Bird Conservation Act, which provides for the acquisition of lands suitable as feeding, resting, and breeding grounds for the various species. There are also represented the beginnings of the migratory waterfowl refuges being established with emergency funds under the migratory waterfowl restoration program inaugurated in 1934. This list does not include migratory-waterfowl refuges in process of establishment but not yet under administration by the Bureau.

The big-game preserves, maintained principally for the perpetuation of buffalo, elk, deer, mountain sheep, and antelope, are National Bison Range, Montana; Elk Refuge (winter feeding ground), Wyoming; Sullys Hill Game Preserve, North Dakota; Wichita Mountains Wild-life Research Station, Oklahoma; Niobrara Game Preserve, Nebraska; and Charles Sheldon Antelope Refuge, Nevada.

Tortugas Keys Bird Refuge, Florida, established on recommendation of the Biological Survey in 1908, on which is located Fort Jefferson, was transferred to the Department of the Interior, under which it will be administered as a national monument and continue to serve as a nesting-ground for sooty and noddy terns, which nest nowhere else in continental United States.

Wild-life and Federal property on these refuges and preserves are protected by Federal law. The regulations thereunder are administered by the Biological Survey. Copies of the regulations can be had from the Bureau at Washington, or from the local representative in charge.

Begin now to prepare for Humane Sunday, April 19, and Be Kind to Animals Week, April 20-25, 1936.

Nimrods of the North

ELIZABETH ROONEY

EACH deer season the highways of northern Minnesota are blackened with the cars of "sportsmen" from all over the state. In the vicinity of Gheen, Orr, and International Falls, where the "pickings are good," the motorcades spread out and begin blasting right and left, and sad indeed is the nimrod who must return empty handed to meet the derision of his neighbors. The thought produces a zealous spirit which often leads to carelessness and numerous casualties and natives of Lake, Koochiching and Lake-of-the-Woods counties breathe sighs of relief when the visitors have departed homeward. Truly, the North faces a reign of terror while amateur hunters stalk the woods with itchy trigger fingers. The wearing of red caps, scarfs, and other garments often allays the danger of being shot at, but even this precaution falls short of guaranteeing immunity. Several years ago, a youth from St. Paul shot and killed a native who wore a red jacket, and he explained at the inquest that he mistook the man for some large bird of red plumage.

Nor is the wounding of men and women the only deplorable condition of the hunting season. Most of the "hunters" don't know how to shoot, and they often wound a deer in the back or thighs, allowing the poor creature to run away and suffer a slow and painful death. It is not uncommon for one to come across deer that have suffered this fate. Another disgusting sight is the body of a deer that met instant death—one that was killed for the satisfaction of killing. The perpetrator of such a deed no doubt had killed his quota and still remained unsatisfied.

The North has many semi-domesticated deer—deer that were raised as pets and allowed to run free in the woods. Their instincts of preservation are naturally blunted to a great extent, leaving them but targets for the invaders. Several seasons ago, "Spotty," a buck I had raised, was shot down within a few hundred feet of my cabin by an inexperienced hunter from Duluth. The poor animal did not know the fear of man and guns, and instead of running, he stared wonderingly at the stranger while the gun was being aimed.

Since that tragedy I decided never to tame another deer. The next spring after the occurrence, another young buck was on my hands, the result of his mother rushing to her death against a barbed wire fence. (One of the barbs severed her jugular.)

I took care of the young animal for several months, finally shooing him off into the woods. He returned half a dozen times, but on each occasion I pretended to be his enemy, whipping him with a light willow branch until he scampered into the thicket. The act produced the desired psychological effect. "Spotty Junior" became wild. The sight of me caused him to leap for protective regions, and finally he stayed away altogether, content to band with his brethren in the swamp. There is no danger that he will ever invite death from a gun.



FEDERAL LAW PROTECTS THE ELK IN BIG-GAME PRESERVES

The Band of Mercy

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president.

See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

One hundred and seventy-six new Bands of Mercy were reported during September. Of these 54 were in Georgia, 51 in New York, 45 in North Carolina, eight in Virginia, six in Texas, five in Illinois, four in Pennsylvania, two in Florida, and one in Indiana.

Total number of Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 210,985

A Fine Lad

A correspondent from Lockport, New York, sends us the following which we are glad to publish not only for the sake of the young humanitarian but for all other kind-hearted lads who go to the rescue of some suffering animal:

A kitten was saved from drowning in the Barge canal a short distance above the locks here today when Michael Carey, Jr., of this city, climbed down a rope from the old towpath to remove the animal from a crevice near the water's edge.

Persons crossing the Big Bridge first noticed the kitten swimming about in the water and making repeated attempts to climb up the perpendicular rock on the north side of the canal near the bridge.

The kitten would get several feet up the wall and then fall back. Finally it reached a crevice and crawled in. Carey tried unsuccessfully to get the kitten to crawl up a board which he lowered. Finally he secured a rope, fastened one end to a post and climbed down.

The frightened kitten resisted Carey's efforts to rescue it and he was forced to climb back up and secure a glove from fire headquarters before he was able to bring the kitten to safety.

Band of Mercy Outing

The girls and boys of the active Band of Mercy in Brookline, Mass., were tendered a delightful lawn party, September 14, at the home of their friend and mentor, Mrs. Alice B. Hutchins. For several years past Mrs. Hutchins has arranged many humane features in which her pupils and their friends have shown the keenest interest. The grounds were decorated with Band of Mercy banners and flags. Peanut races and potato races, with other games, were enjoyed by the children. Refreshments were served at small tables on the lawn.

New Humane Calendar for 1936 shows colored picture of cows in field; humane hints on leaves of pad. 20 cents each, postpaid.



Without a Dog

ROBERT STANLEY

WELL, you see, we haven't got one, not being doggy people." So said my hostess, poor thing, in answer to my question, "What's the dog's name?" I always ask that with new acquaintances. "We haven't got one," what a sorry answer. Dogs, dear things, are a little touchy about their names. Call "Towser," "Rumbo," or "Rumbo, Towser, and look out, but get it right beforehand and you've got a pal straight away, and more so if you add "find 'em." "Find 'em" is the sure password to canine friendship, especially if you help in the finding. It doesn't always lead to popularity with a fussy housewife, mats in all directions, a small table knocked over and scratches on the varnished parquet surround, in fact a general disturbance, but never mind you have greatly pleased "Mr. Darkie" and he'll watch and wait all the evening in the hope that you'll say it again. "Without a dog!!!" Fancy never saying, "Come on old boy, I'm a bit down the line, cheer me up." He knows, just puts a cold wet nose in your hand and looks his sympathy. He doesn't say, "Well it's your own fault," or, "Of course," or "I told you so," or "Serves you right," he just smiles and wags and perhaps asks, "Better now old man?"

Oh, I know the geranium bed is a bit sideways and there's a delphinium that won't bloom again this summer and the fern bank doesn't look too gay, but as Darkie says, "Someone's got to deal with the cats, and as for the fern bank, well I killed a rat there, that one that frightened the Missis, now what about it? Tie up the geraniums, bend the fern leaves right again and hand out an extra good biscuit, that's 'what about it,' see?" Again, consider, (rather mean thought this), but think what an excuse for slipping out, "You'll stay in tonight won't you dear?" "Yes, rather—but I must just give Darkie a run, you know how little exercise he gets." "Oh Darkie—yes—well mind he doesn't run away again; you know how long you took to find him last night." We are in this together aren't

we, doggie, old man—you know *where* they give you a bone or a biscuit don't you? None of your household bones that have been used for soup for three days, but a nice meaty one that you can enjoy while Master—but enough of that.

"Without a dog," no the idea is too pathetic to enlarge upon, let's cheer up, and instead say "With a dog."

That's better. Take the summer holiday, let's go down to the beach and you, doggie, shall fetch my stick, (or for choice somebody else's—in case you miss it); last year you brought me a trail of sea-weed instead of my malaca, but never mind, they both look alike on the waving billow, you're forgiven, Darkie, have another go, "throw your umbrella in Sir don't be afraid: he'll fetch it all right, oh sorry it's sunk, well now that's not altogether his fault is it?" No, Mr., Sir or Mrs. Madam, whatever else you may happen to be without, don't, mark my words please, do *not* be without a dog.

An Active Band of Mercy

GEORGENA BERGTOLD

The children of the Sixth Grade in the Washburn School of Duluth, Minnesota, are very enthusiastic about their Band of Mercy Club. They are ever on the alert for cases of cruelty and report same to the teacher who investigates the case, and takes further action against the offender as he may deem fit to prevent a repetition of such an offense.

These boys and girls have shown a fine spirit of consideration and friendliness toward their animal friends by returning lost animals to owners, sheltering poor homeless creatures, and caring for those that are injured.

Sometime this fall, the boys and girls of the Club who have pets will have the privilege of taking their pictures. These pictures will be placed on a poster and exhibited on the bulletin board. There will be a place on the poster for expressions of "Daily Kindness to Our Pets."

We enjoy our Band of Mercy Club because we know we are doing something worthwhile.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

The Magic of the Woods

ALFRED I. TOOKE

*I think I like the woods the best, for in them magic dwells.
A rustle in the bushes of some hidden presence tells.
It could have been a squirrel, but you cannot see one, so
It might have been a fairy flitting past! You never know!*

*You see a sudden movement in the tapestry of green,
Was it a jay that hopped from sight before it could be seen?
It might have been a robin—or a broken twig that fell;
Or it might have been a fairy! You can never, never tell.*

*You find a little winding trail that leads you know not where.
It could have been some tiny padded feet that made it there;
But all is still and silent, and there's quite a bit of doubt,
So it might be where the fairies walk, when nobody's about!*

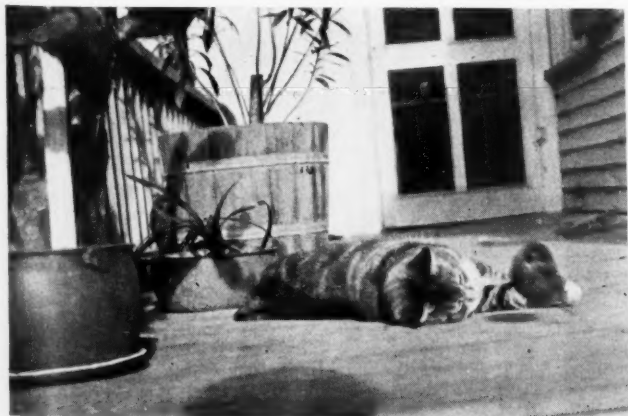
*That splash upon the pool! Was that a beaver, or a trout?
Or do you think it could have been a fairy popping out
To see what prying mortal came to interrupt her bath
By peeping through the curtains of the leafy woodland path?*

*I think I like the woods the best, for you can never tell
Just when you might see fairies in a sunshine-speckled dell;
For though I've never quite been just in time to see them
there,
I'm sure the woods are simply full of fairies everywhere.*

Manx Cat Adopts Baby Robin

EUGENIA B. TROW

A beautiful seven-year-old calico Manx cat belonging to Mrs. Clinton W. Baker of Brewster Road, Kingston, Mass., has adopted a baby robin and makes it her special care to protect it from other cats. One day recently children in the neighborhood noticed a baby robin in the road apparently crippled by a fall from the nest in a tall elm tree. Later in the day the pet cat of Mrs. Baker came to her with the same bird held gently in her mouth. The fledgling was taken into the house where it soon began to hop about and later to fly



"LINDY" PERCHES SAFELY ON KITTY'S OUT-STRETCHED PAW

around the room and look for food. From that moment the cat assumed guardianship over the bird and they have been close pals. As soon as the robin was able to fly, it was taken out of doors and given its freedom. But it seldom ventures far from the house. It eats everything that the family has and is especially fond of beef stew with the vegetables. If it is out doors at meal times it will call to be let into the house. After dinner it snuggles up with the cat for a nap. It shows fear of strangers and other cats but is perfectly happy in the company of its friend. The name "Lindy" has been given to the baby bird. There is always an answering chirp when his name is called.



The Baby Burro

MARGERY BEDINGER

THIS little burro and his mother live in Northern Arizona. The country is beautiful. The ground is red and yellow sand; the sky is brilliant blue and there are high mountains on the horizon. But while there are some trees and grass, these are scanty, for it is a desert country, with only a little rain and water. Because there is so little rain, there are only a few springs, and water is very precious. Only a few people live on the Arizona desert and most of them are Navajo Indians. One of these Indians is the master of the little burro and his mother. The only place where this Indian can get water is from a spring about half a mile from his home. So every morning and every evening, the Indian puts a little pack-saddle on the burro's mother and ties a water keg on the pack-saddle. Then the Indian's little son drives the burro to the spring, fills the keg with water, straps it back on the saddle again, and drives the burro back home. And each time they make this trip the baby burro goes too, for he will not be left behind and his mother will not go anywhere without him. When he grows up he will carry water and loads of wood for his master also.

"Be Kind to Animals," as a motto for every school-room in the United States, conspicuously and constantly displayed by teachers upon wall or blackboard, will go far and help greatly towards inculcating a spirit of kindness to animals and educating humanely the boys and girls who are to be future citizens of this great country.

At the Humane Convention

VETERAN humanitarians who have attended many meetings of the American Humane Association pronounced the gathering held at Washington, D. C. from September 30 to October 3 last, as unsurpassed in interest, attendance and enthusiasm. Delegates were present from many of the mid-western and eastern states as well as from England, Canada, Oregon, California, Minnesota, Missouri, Texas, Georgia and South Carolina.

The first two days were devoted to children's work, the outstanding speakers being Judge Fay L. Bentley of the Juvenile Court, Washington, and former Governor A. O. Eberhart of Minnesota. Animal topics were discussed beginning with the banquet Tuesday evening, when the audience was thrilled with the account of her twenty-five years' work in the Japan Humane Society by Mrs. Frances Hawkes Cameron Burnett and the outline of the work of the Royal S. P. C. A. by Captain Fergus MacCunn, chief secretary, London. At a later session Mr. C. Rowland Johns, secretary of the National Canine Defence League, London, and author of many books on dogs, gave expert advice on "How to Keep Dogs." Mrs. Johns, writer and authority on English social problems, had previously spoken on "Child Welfare Work in England."

Some of the other animal subjects presented were "The Cost of the Prize Ribbon," by J. Macnab Wilson of the Toronto Humane Society; "Federal Influence in the Humane Treatment of Livestock," by Chief J. R. Mohler of the Bureau of Animal Industry, excerpts from whose address appear elsewhere in this issue; "Children's Pet Chums Clubs," by Matthew McCurrie, of the San Francisco S. P. C. A.; and "Renewal of the Pledge," by Seymour Carroll, field worker of the American Humane Education Society in South Carolina. Several practical topics were discussed informally at the A B C session, held Wednesday evening under the chairmanship of Mrs. Charles M. Kindel, Jr., of Grand Rapids, Michigan. The Convention closed with a pleasing presentation of Peter Rabbit marionette show by Miss B. Maude Phillips and Miss Norma Neilsen.

On Wednesday afternoon the delegates were treated to a bus ride and visits to Arlington Cemetery, Alexandria and Mt. Vernon. On returning to the city they were entertained at tea by Captain and Mrs. Burnett at their attractive home on New Hampshire Avenue.

President Sydney H. Coleman and the other officers were re-elected for the ensuing year. Two rooms across the corridor from the auditorium of the Mayflower Hotel were devoted to exhibits of traps, various humane devices, and literature. The American Humane Education Society displayed posters, pennants, books, etc., and distributed a large quantity of free literature as did the American Humane Association, the San Francisco S. P. C. A. and other societies.

Cruel Children

ANGELO PATRI

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WHY is my little son cruel? He hurts his pets, he pushes children down. When he sees a child hurt, he laughs. This in spite of all I can do to teach him gentleness. He is going on three and big for his age. He ought to know better. Don't you think so?"

I am not so sure. Cruel is a word that belongs to grown people. To people who have grown sensitive to life's suffering through experience; a healthy child is not sensitive usually. He has never been ill enough to know pain. He has never been hurt. The idea of pain and suffering is beyond his experience and comprehension. He is rough with his pets not because he likes to hurt them, but to see their dramatic responses.

A little boy like this pulls the cat's tail, squeezes his pup, teases any animal he meets just to see them jump about, to hear them call out and guard himself against their attack. Such a little boy actually enjoys a battle with a scratching, spitting cat. Of course, when he is hurt he howls murder but that is precisely what teaches him about pain. A few such experiences and he begins to understand why his mother says he is naughty to bother the animals.

These children are at the stage where understanding of such qualities as kindness, gentleness, affection is dim. Living a few years under careful instruction, and suffering a few first experiences with the angry pets he has hurt, will teach him a little of the meaning of these words and the germ of kindness starts to sprout.

It takes years for that growth to come to full power and influence in the child's character. It is necessary that we teach him by word and story and picture and example and experience that kindness to animals, to people, is not only the duty of an intelligent human being, but the character-

istic of a fully developed one. Words alone will not do that but persistent teaching will tell in the end.

Some children take longer to learn kindness and consideration for weaker creatures than others do. Usually by the time a child is nine years of age he has ceased to think that pulling the cat's tail is funny, or that baiting a crippled child, hounding an aged and infirm person is at all entertaining. If his cruelty continues past that time, I would ask the psychologist at the hospital to look him over and see what ails him.

One other point has to be considered before taking the cruel child to the hospital. How about the people about him? Is he constantly slapped, shaken, scolded, punished for every little thing? Is he bullied by those stronger than himself so that he longs to retaliate? It is possible to set the child's mind toward cruelty by such treatment. Treat him with common kindness, teach him to be considerate, and he usually drops this stage of his growth promptly.

Chairmen for Annual Fair

The following appointments have been made as chairmen of the annual Fair of the Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., to be held at Hotel Vendome, Boston, Wednesday, December 11, from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M.

Mrs. Edith Washburn Clarke, general chairman; Mrs. Charles C. Hoyt, luncheon; Mrs. Edward Brown, bridge; Mrs. Charles Rowley, candy table; Mrs. Arthur W. Hurlburt, miscellaneous table; and Mrs. Agnes P. Fisher, white elephant table.

There will be two seeresses under the direction of Mrs. Frank Towne. A fashion show will be put on in charge of Mrs. George Ramlose. A special musical program will be an added feature.

Humane Workers' Fund

We are receiving gifts to the American Humane Education Society as a trust fund, the interest to be used for the benefit of field missionaries and others who have spent their lives in promoting humane education.

We will welcome your contribution to this fund. Please make checks payable to Treasurer, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Our Dumb Animals

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Address all communications to Boston.

TERMS

One dollar per year. Postage free to any part of the world. All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office entitle the sender to membership in either of our two Societies.

RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN

THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

Active Life	\$100 00	Active Annual	\$10 00
Associate Life	50 00	Associate Annual	5 00
Sustaining	20 00	Annual	1 00
	Children's		\$0.75

Checks and other payments may be sent to ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue Boston.

Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals": that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to The American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

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